OUR GIFT COUPON—THE FINAL DATE.—See Page 12.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 607. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1918. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THE EDITOR AT DOWNING STREET

NESTLÉ'S MILK

according to whether you require it for Infant Feeding, for Young Children, for Invalids or for General Household use. It is in that order of priority that supplies are being distributed through the trade.

The Richest in Cream. Cash Price 1/1½ per tin at which it can be sold. Because we restricted our output when fresh milk was plentiful we are able to supply the public at a low price during the winter, when fresh milk is scarce and dear.

Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

"Let's make for the Midland"

Take her to the 'Midland' as soon as you can. Furniture is daily getting more difficult to secure. Do not put off your purchase, but come to the 'Midland' Salons, where you have the choice of £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture, which is almost certain to soon be worth more than you pay for it now.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

You will be simply astounded at the variety of choice. And when you have found exactly what you want, you get it at the bedrock bargain price. If you prefer to pay cash, you secure 10% discount. If you decide to furnish out of income, 'Midland' Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. No interest is charged —no extras whatever.

Ideal Terms

Given on Current A/c.

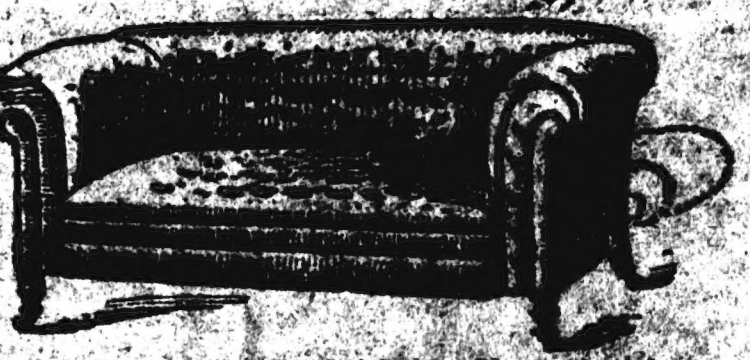
Worth	Per Month.
£10 - £20	£0 5 6
£20 - £30	£0 11 0
£30 - £40	£0 16 6
£40 - £50	£1 2 0
£50 - £100	£1 7 6
£100 - £200	£2 15 0
£200 - £300	£5 10 0
£300 - £500	£13 15 0

Longer Accounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, tastefully upholstered, exceptionally well sprung and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£4 14s. 6d.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of tapestry. £3 18s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Nearest Stores from Holborn and Holborn Tube Stations, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

posted free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

January 19th, 1918

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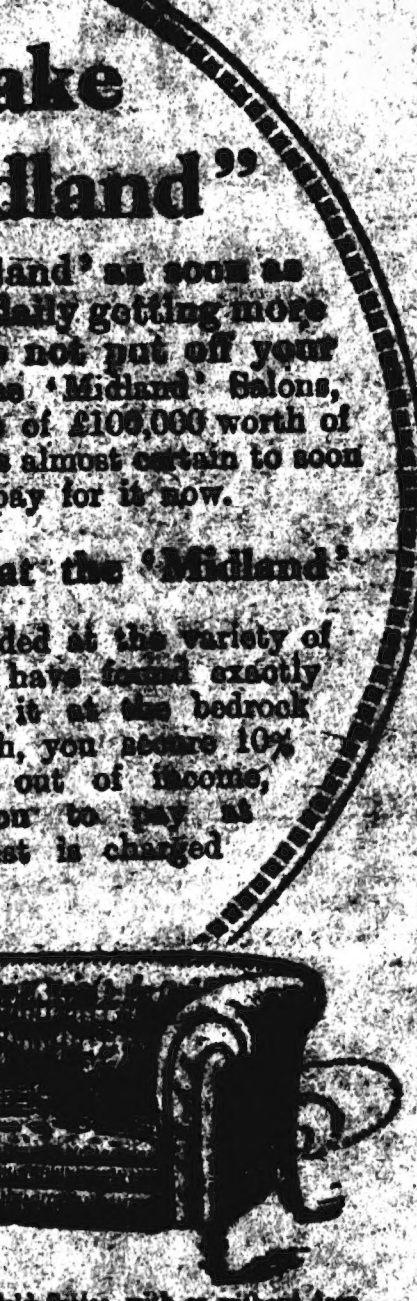

Company, Ltd.,
Crown Agents for the Colonies,
mpton Row, Holborn, W.C.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 607. Week ending Saturday, January 19th, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our Offer to the Premier.

Elsewhere we deal with the developments which have followed our recent Letter to the Premier. Rest assured, we have *not* been nobbled. In the words of the classics—Wait and See!

To Cologne.

Are we quite sure that our real objective, when we stopped at Mannheim, was *not* Cologne? Any shortage of petrol, or other trouble?

Air Bulls'-Eyes!

By the way, several air Pilots and Observers complain to us of the distinguishing circular and other marks on our machines—which form a fine target for the enemy. Can't some improvement be devised?

Happy Huns!

It will be good news to British sufferers from the shortage of milk, that the Government have just commandeered £8,600 worth of the condensed article for the benefit of interned Huns. Pretty dears, they *must* have their milk!

A Traders' Licence.

Why not license *all* traders—thus not only securing a new source of revenue, but at the same time forging a strong weapon against profiteering? Why should the publican be singled out?

A Medical Query.

What is the explanation of the extraordinary difficulty which besets the efforts of Medical Officers to transfer convalescent wounded men to Homes, where they would get well quicker, at much less expense, and make room for others in the beds?

Getting On.

With the capture of the aniline dye secrets and the establishment on a commercial scale of the industry of diamond cutting, it begins to look as though we were coming into our own after the war.

A Splendid Scheme.

As regards diamond cutting, it is surely a splendid idea to give legless soldiers the first chance of learning the trade, and there has been no more patriotic project than that of Mr. Oppenheim, of the firm of Lewis and Marks, in building and equipping a special factory at Brighton for the purpose.

Insulting "Tommy."

How does this read? It is from a Tommy just discharged from the Army: "When a man in hospital is able to get up, he is sent about twice a week to do 'light fatigue.' Well, there is an Internment Camp close to the hospital, and some of us were sent every day to scrub out the German huts, whilst they looked on and did nothing." We are sure Lord Derby would not sanction such an insult.

That Honours List.

It would be interesting to know how many men of military age, who have not yet joined up, are amongst the M. B.E.s.

"Conscription of Wealth."

Surely that term would include Unclaimed Bank Balances and Securities, and the Dormant balances in the hands of all kinds of bodies, Funds, etc.?

Who Is "R. H. Benson"?

The mystery is cleared up. Mr. R. H. Benson is a *bona-fide* individual whose wife has been hovering between life and death, and he has selected *The Times* Personal Column as the quickest means of communicating with his sons in France. So *that's* all right.

We Beg to Ask—

Is the Shipping Controller aware of the fact that four boats, each carrying 3,000 to 4,000 tons of meat from the Argentine to England, are in the habit of deviating from the direct route to convey general cargo to New York—thus doubling the time and halving the meat tonnage?

Peace—and Keep the Pieces!

It is nice to know that the Bolsheviks are so anxious that nations should govern themselves—and that there should be no annexations—that they have been able to fix up a cosy little peace with Bulgaria *without compelling "Ferdy" to give up the land he has stolen from Roumania!* Cranks or——?

The Livery Franchise.

The City Livery Companies have made out an overwhelming case for the retention of their ancient and never-abused franchise. To deprive them of it at this juncture would be not only an act of political vandalism, but a cruel and callous injustice. Do let us preserve *some* of the few remaining links with the glorious past.

The Whisky Scandal.

The supply of whisky is restricted—the quality lowered and the price tremendously inflated—because "the alcohol is required for munitions and the cereals for food." Yet exports to the Colonies and elsewhere—from which the Government derives no revenue—are unrestricted; and recently a vessel carrying 14,000 cases to India was torpedoed. What a fraud much of our war legislation is!

Trade Jealousy.

Thus the Rev. Griffith Davies, Congregational Minister, preaching at the Tabernacle Congregational Church, Newport (Mon.): "When the soldier wants advice, to whom does he go? To the Archbishop of Canterbury? No. To the President of the National Free Church Council? No. To Archbishop Bourne? No. But to JOHN BULL, where he is palmed off with the most unadulterated piffle imaginable." Poor Tommy!

Making Banbury Cross.

Interesting at this date is the inscription on Banbury Cross, not the one to which we used to be bidden to ride-a-cock-horse, but a later erection :—" This Cross was erected by Public Subscription to Commemorate the Marriage of Victoria Princess Royal of England with Frederick Crown Prince of Prussia." As the issue of that marriage was William the Wicked, we should like to see the inscription erased.

Cambrai.

Soldiers returned from the Front continue to bring terrible stories of the British set-back at Cambrai; one, for instance, of our men, owing to surprise, having to fight the Germhuns in the canteens with their sticks. That is significant, but it is by no means the worst. How far has the official Inquiry got, and when will the Government become obsessed with the conscientious conviction that they ought to let the country have as much of the truth as they can afford to spare?

Barrage or No Barrage?

By this time everybody must have heard what is on the wings of the wind: to wit, that there is to be no more "barrage" in London against Zepps, Gothas, or Taubes. This would mean, of course, first, that our coast barrage is now sufficiently hot in itself; and, second, that we have now enough men and machines to tackle the Devil's Own before they reach the coast. Time proves all things.

"Nothing."

What the local Sub-Editor calls "heresy in the Pulpit," constituted an able and striking sermon preached by the Rev. W. H. G. Shapcott in St. George's Church, Headstone. "The subject of his sermon," he said, "was suggested by a paragraph in JOHN BULL, in which it was asked, 'What is there in Christianity which other religions have not to offer?' I will answer plainly and boldly, with a full sense of responsibility for what I am saying—'Nothing.'" If the Harrow newspaper is to be credited, this upset many "orthodox Christians"—as no doubt it would—"and some very forcible protests were made by various members of the congregation after the service." Strange, isn't it, that many good people know so little of their own religion as to know nothing about others, however ancient and ethical?

His House in Order.

A Falmouth boy was in trouble for robbing a till. The interest of the case lies in the opinion expressed by Superintendent Nicholls that if picture palaces were closed to children "it would be a very good job. Boys should not be allowed to go to picture palaces before they are sixteen, unless there is a proper film for children." It will be seen that the wisdom of this "lies in the application thereof," as the Superintendent's children, of both sexes, have for years visited cinemas free of charge.

"Deliver."

Writing as a representative of the Food Production Department, a Welsh reader is emphatic that "every farmer should be compelled to deliver the whole of his food produce." Farmers in his district grow oats, mill to oatmeal, and then hoard it, "refusing to sell even a shilling's-worth to a poor cottager who appeals to him." This sort of thing is common enough, and it has long been a case for Government action. Truth, however, is that instead of the Food Controller and the Minister of Agriculture taking the farmer by the scruff of the neck, all through the war the farmer has been allowed to hold the Food Controller and the Board of Agriculture in the hollow of his hand.

Pity the Horse.

It is shocking to see the poor condition of the majority of the horses dragging heavy loads—far too heavy—through the streets. One glance of the experienced eye suffices for conviction that many, if not the majority, of these poor beasts of burthen do not get enough to eat. They are evidently rationed to the point of weakness, and, where no allowance is made for the work they have to do, to the point of cruelty. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," commanded the wise old Law-giver.

GOOD NEWS FROM ITALY.

Just as we are going to press, we have received the following important cable from Mr. A. G. Hales, our Special Correspondent on the Italian Front :—

Venice will not fall, Italian clever strategy making approach to it impossible. The beauty of the ancient city may be wrecked from the air—as many towns have been, in sheer devilishness, since Italian courage held the enemy in check. The British forces have now consolidated their position in an impregnable manner, with masterly skill and thoroughness. Plumer selected his position with great strategic foresight. Whichever end he is attacked on this front, our General's position will enable him to turn the enemy's flank, whilst he has nothing to fear from frontal attack, owing to the splendid thoroughness of his preparations—no matter if attacked by greatly superior forces. Enemy deserters state that life in the mountains is almost unbearable, owing to the intense cold and absence of firewood; they assert that numbers of German troops have been withdrawn, leaving the Austrians to bear the brunt of winter. Should war last until next Spring, enemy troops which have bivouacked in the mountains through the winter will be worn-out and useless. The tables are now turned. Victory is certain!

This is, indeed, good news!

The Generous State.

A curious position is disclosed in connection with the travelling by rail of soldiers from hospital. Portsmouth people desired to convey some men to an entertainment, and asked for reduced fares. The reply of the L. and S.W. Railway made it clear that it was impossible to grant any concession whatever—because the Railway is under State Control. What the Company might give, the State precludes it from giving!

Getting On.

How's this?—an advertisement by a Photo Co., of Salisbury: "None but discharged soldiers need apply, married man preferred, will be paid a wage to support a family in comfort, regardless of pension." If others would take that as a model, then we should not be long.

Cold Quarters.

Sewing by needlewomen, repairing jackets and trousers, ten hours daily, for 20s. a week, is not leading the idle life. Add to it that the cold in their miserable hole of a room is sometimes so intense that their fingers refuse their office, and you have the conditions at the Field Stores Salvage Dept., Aldershot. Amelioration, please, quickly.

Far Too Near.

Somewhere in the West of England are about thirty sheds rapidly filling up with shells and explosives. In one shed are other dangerous things, to wit, German prisoners. They light fires, cook food, and they smoke—all within a hundred yards of the nearest explosives "dump"!

Air Raids! "JOHN BULL" is the only weekly journal insuring free both life and home. See Coupon, page iii of Cover.

Bravo, Birds!

Some months ago we put in a plea for the sea-gulls, when they were officially threatened with extinction, pointing out that—by reason of their congregating round a protruding object, such as a periscope—they had repeatedly given warning to our mariners of the presence of U-boats. We now observe that the other day five gulls in this way saved a vessel from being sunk by a mine. Bravo!

Matrimonial.

According to a writer in the Stone Parish Magazine, "A number of rich men who want to try fresh wives, without having their past conduct exposed in a Divorce Court," support the Matrimonial Causes Bill on the pretence that it will be a great boon to the poor. If this is a parsonified reflection on the morals of the members of the Divorce Law Reform Union, it strikes us as offensive in the extreme—quite apart from its obvious untruth.

Hard Lines.

An educated Bournemouth woman of 30, who lost her husband and brother, spent her last few pounds to learn motor-driving, and is now expert. Offering her services to a war organisation, she was turned down—would you believe it?—for the charming way she did her hair. The fact is, since childhood she has worn her hair with a fringe to hide a scar on her forehead.

Selling and Buying.

Once more—say for the *n*th time—we are confronted with the advt. of a sale by auction of "Government stores," Woolwich again being the venue, and the sale by order of the Secretary for War. The stores are described as "Unserviceable and Obsolete," but we are puzzled to know how "175 tons of iron and steel scrap"—not to mention rubber and other items—can be regarded as "unserviceable." Somebody will buy the stores, and probably sell them back again to Government at a great profit.

Starvation Wages.

An unfortunate cripple, named James Whiteside, employed by the Lytham Urban District Council, has been sent to prison for three months. His crime was the theft of small sums of money from automatic gas-meters. At the age of 25 years, this man was paid by the Lytham Council twelve shillings a week for whole-time services. It is a pity that three months' imprisonment could not have been shared out among the Councillors, who were not ashamed to employ a poor hunchback at a starvation rate of pay.

Wealth Going Begging.

There is no end to the wilful waste of money by some Boroughs. Here is Gravesend Education Committee needing a Caretaker at St. James's School, and it has the nerve to offer the lucky man who wins the prize berth 15s. per week, free of Income Tax. He will, however, no doubt "Buy War Bonds."

"Short Weight."

One of the evils of queueing has been to increase the short-weight trick. Of late we have had numerous complaints that packets of tea, sugar, butter, and such things already made up are generally short weight, not infrequently as much as an ounce in a quarter-pound. In one big shop the other day a man returned with his quarter-pound purchase and insisted on it being weighed. The girl at the counter did so, and also a dozen at least of the quarter-pound butter packages behind her. Every one of them was short weight. Are the Weights and Measures Inspectors asleep?

Same Spot: Two Tales.

Weekly Dispatch, Dec. 23:—"The Food Control Committee of Stoke Newington. . . . Inspectors are to be appointed to question people standing in the queues."

Evening News, Dec. 22:—"Happy Stoke Newington. The Executive Officer states that they are not troubled with queues in his district."

Drawmer, of Tottenham.

Is Mr. Fred Drawmer, 456, High Road, Tottenham, still a member of the Tottenham Food Control Committee? The question is asked because this gentleman is a convicted profiteer, having been recently fined £2 10s. in two cases for selling jam above the maximum price. If he is on, he certainly ought to be off; if he is off, he as certainly ought never to have been on.

To be Remedied.

Consider local travel by rail. Between Plumstead and Cannon Street, or Charing Cross, pass thousands of munitioners daily. They are privileged with a cheap ticket, fourpence return; Sundays, ninepence. If they travel after eight in the morning, they pay only ninepence. A soldier must pay full fare—2s. The soldier is not getting the pay of the other man. So why this thusness?

The Right Man.

Luton has done the right thing in appointing a discharged soldier as its Pensions Committee Secretary. He was chosen from 17 applicants, and had been acting as Secretary of the local Discharged Men's Federation. So he knows the ropes, he knows the necessities of the situation, and he promises to work in the same spirit of duty to his country in which he enlisted. Such a sensible appointment should serve as a model for other towns.

Disgraced Recruits.

The making of false statements for the purpose of obtaining exemption from military service is an offence punishable with imprisonment. To order a man guilty of this conduct into the Army, as the Coventry Appeal Tribunal recently did—as though military service were itself a "punishment"—is a mistaken policy, and a most unfair reflection upon the vast majority of our fighting men.

"Work for All."

"There is work for all," announced a Magistrate. Yes, but where? One man who asks was rejected for the Army, re-examined, passed B1, re-examined, passed C2, given absolute exemption, and then told he was exempt only while doing useful work. Being married, and the father of three, he sought that work by registering for National Service, writing to Sir A. Geddes, etc., visiting local Exchanges, and answering advertisements. Till now the result is *nil*. As a family cannot live on nothing, his despairing cry is "Where is that work for all?"

Two French "Pennies."

Two French "pennies" were recently dropped by a Germhun airman near Artois, with a note to the effect that the men whose names are upon them are prisoners in Germhuny. Both coins are rubbed quite plain on one side; one bears the inscription, cut in, "Gnr. A. Fancourt, 41976 K12, T.M.B., 12 Div.," while on the other is cut "V. Langham, 2756, 7.I., N.I." In sending us these particulars Mr. J. H. Bell, of 15, Holland Grove, Vassall Road, Brixton, feelingly says: "I thought that if they were published in JOHN BULL the publicity might help to comfort some poor souls now anguished for those whom they think are 'gone West' never to return." Our thanks to Mr. Bell for his kindly thought.

Don't delay—Start collecting "John Bull" Coupons to-day. See page 12.

A TRAP TO CATCH TOMMY.

"COMRADE" OR KAMMERAD?—DISHING THE FIGHTING MEN.

WHEN the war is ended and the soldier become once more the civilian, a new and powerful force will operate in the life of this country. Those who have messed and muddled the war know it, and they are afraid. Just as they did their best to refuse the soldier the vote, so they are now scheming and manœuvring to ensure that there shall be no Soldier Party when peace comes; that Liberals and Tories shall not have their little electioneering plans upset by Tommy at the polls; that, in short, they shall be able to return to the bad old order of things which made war possible and the waging of war so difficult. Now, we are out to upset this little game. Our pledge to Tommy and Jack is a pledge for peace as well as for war; our idea for a Blue and Khaki League is based on the rights of the soldier to the fruits of his fighting, and it is because we have sound reason for mistrusting the organisation known as the Comrades of the Great War that we deliberately challenged both its genesis and its methods. First of all, it was started by the very men who in the House of Commons—the only place where it was in their power to stand up for the soldier—were ready, in our opinion, to betray the soldier. What do we mean? The Review of Exceptions Act sought to re-examine wounded men and put them back into the Army, while those who had never smelt powder were hiding in munition works and lurking in Whitehall. *Not one of the six promoters of the "Comrades" voted in favour of an amendment to exempt from the operations of the Act wounded and invalided men.* Their names are Sir E. Meux, Colonel Ashley, Colonel Sir J. Norton-Griffiths, Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood, Colonel David Davies and Captain Albert Smith. Yet they dare to call themselves the friends of the soldier. Moreover, three of them—Sir E. Meux, Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood, and Colonel Ashley (the Chairman of the "Comrades")—voted in favour of a £5 rather than a £2 penalty being imposed on men who failed to respond to their calling-up notices, and the same three actually objected by their votes to giving discharged men the right of appeal to a Tribunal.

To Benefit the Soldier?

Surely the facts already mentioned are sufficient to make the "Comrades" suspect. It is true the promoters have managed to secure a great deal of so-called influential support. It is also true that big sums have been spent on advertising the merits of this "non-political" organisation, and we have evidence sufficient to prove that in their burning anxiety to "benefit" the soldier, the "Comrades" have made deliberate and systematic attempts to crush an Association which was already in being and is doing genuine service to the discharged soldier and the dependents of those in the field. We hold no brief for any organisation—our sole desire is to see justice done to the soldier without the insulting taint of charity. And it is because those who were responsible for the creation of the Federation of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors have fought the battle with honesty and success, both inside and outside Parliament, that we gravely suspect the methods, as we are very seriously suspicious of the genesis, of the Comrades of the Great War. Clearly, the anxiety of this "non-political" body—it is really dual-political—to crush and destroy organisation is to be ascribed to the desire to keep the soldier-vote for the existing Parties instead of seeing it used independently and powerfully in the interests of the fighting men and those who are already discharged or disabled. We are going to do our best to prevent this fraud on the soldier. Let us give an example of how the "Comrades" are endeavouring to "dish" the Federation. The Northern Organiser of the Federation was induced to go over. Through him was financed the attendance of as many members of the Federation Executive as he could influence. Unknown to their colleagues these men became the agents of the "Comrades," and as a first step in the dirty business of trying to break up the Federation a circular was issued signed by a certain Donald Simpson, urging branches of the Federation to be guided by these renegades. There is evidence, moreover, to prove that in the interests of the "Comrades," forged tickets of the Federation were used to secure members for the "Comrades." Further, men who thought they were joining the Federation somehow found themselves on the roll of the "Comrades," and received notices intimating that their weekly contributions to the "Comrades" were in arrears!

A Contemptible Game.

By methods which might well be the subject of legal proceedings—by trickery, meanness and rank dishonesty—satellites of the "Comrades" have been, and still are, carrying on this contemptible game. There is much more that could be said, and, if necessary, will be said. It is a dirty scandal that the discharged and disabled soldier should be made the pawn in a new political game. We do not charge the M.P.s who were so little concerned about the wounded Tommy when it was a case of forcing him back into the firing-line, but who are now slobbering with sentimental affection for him, with being parties to these despicable methods. But we do say that they stand as trustees for every penny of the money which, by artfully worded advertisements, is being drawn from the pockets of the charitable and from the meagre purses of the fighting men. You will remember that we held up the actual formation of our Blue and Khaki League because the serving soldier, under King's Regulations, is debarred from joining even a League formed honestly and solely in his interests. But the "Comrades," with official approval, are urging the fighting man to "peg out a claim" with them by paying 10s. now and thus securing a right to membership when his fighting days are over.

A Warning to Tommy.

That choice—which clearly would not be given without the sanction of the War Office, which has been induced to bless and praise the "Comrades"—puts an entirely different complexion on affairs. It means that the fighting soldier can here and now begin to strengthen his after-war position, and we are now determined to go forward and help him in every way in our power. First, we advise Tommy, if he desires to preserve his political power and independence, to have nothing to do with the "Comrades," who have shown the cloven hoof by the attempt to smash the men's own Federation. Behind all this dirty work stands the political caucus, anxious to dope the discharged man with charity and chloroform him with sympathy. If by amalgamating the Blue and Khaki League with any *bona-fide* organisation for the benefit of the sailor and the soldier we can give strength to the cause of the discharged man and help him to form himself into a powerful and independent influence in the State, we are ready to take that step. But, whatever be the outcome of the present unnatural rivalry of the "Comrades," we are determined not to stand by and see either Tommy or Jack exploited by politicians who, afraid of his vote, are moving heaven and earth to drive him into the old political folds. They do not want him as Comrade; they are really trying to induce him to throw up his hands and play Kammerad!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. E. W. Forster, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office.

SIR,—I am just getting back my breath after reading that report of the Essex wheelwright, whose account for 9s. 5d. was settled by the War Office with a cheque for £95. As an honest man he at once reported the error, receiving by way of acknowledgment a further cheque for £95, all on account of the original 9s. 5d. Unless I am mistaken, this kind of thing has occurred at least once before on an equally extravagant scale—the strange prodigality never being satisfactorily explained. What on earth is the meaning of it? Are you so very tired? JOHN BULL.

To E. B. Barnard, Esq., Chairman, Metropolitan Water Board.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—I see that your last annual Account shows a balance on the wrong side of £242,000; furthermore, I find one of your members predicting that this deficit will be double in another six years' time—a prospect which, he fears, may "lead to the work of the Board being handed over to some other authority." Don't you think that, as a matter of strict business, it might be as well to reconsider the position, without waiting for the deficit to be doubled? There are limits to the patience of the London ratepayers. And, by the way, you might read the few words I have addressed, on another page, to the Board's solicitor. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Samuel Hoare, Godstone.

MORAL MA'AM,—Your agent applied to Sessions for an Order to evict the tenant of a cottage at 5s. weekly, "because of the immorality that goes on there," he said. Pressed for particulars, he alleged the tenant's child was born two months after marriage, and that you, a clergyman's widow, were "much annoyed." I hope you are not annoyed because the happy couple were moral enough to get married. It is not for you to assume there were no good reasons for delay; it is the part of a decent woman to acknowledge the right thing when done, and to bless the fruit of what I hope will continue to be a happy union. You did not succeed in turning out your tenant, but I hope he will get another cottage where your nasty narrow-mindedness will rage in vain.
JOHN BULL.

To Gunner Reginald Howard, M.M., Royal Field Artillery, at the Front.

YOUNG MAN,—This is to tell you that I think you are some boy; enlisted at 16, a week after the war broke out; gassed at 18; refused to encourage the efforts of your relatives to get you out of the Army; returned to the gun you'd left behind you, and now I see you have the Military Medal on the report of your Colonel that near the end of old 1917 you got that gun forward "along a very bad road under intermittent shell fire," spending 36 hours on the road and being "largely instrumental in getting all six guns into action." "No other battery in that area," adds the record, "approached this performance." That's the way to do things and get things done, my young friend. Good luck to you and to all who are as prompt, indomitable, and brave! JOHN BULL.

To Lowes Dickinson, Esq., King Alfred's School Society, University College, London.

DEAR SIR,—How in the world did you come to make such a nonsensical speech at the Society's meeting; talking such rubbish, I mean, as that the English public school is "one of the main roots of the war"? And this all because of the "atmosphere of the football field"; the contest, as you allege, "for the sake of the contest." Main root of fiddlesticks, man! Now, if you had said that the Germhun public school system was "one of the main roots of the war"—well, upon my word, I do believe you would have had both feet on some root. The Germhun public school systematically and of set purpose trains the boy to be a brute, a sneak, and a spy, and, to do the system justice, when the boy's a man he goes all the way. The English public school has its defects, I know, but it at least teaches boys to be good, truthful, chivalrous, just, and above board. To the youthful Germhun these homely virtues are all but unknown. JOHN BULL.

To Brigadier-Gen. H. Palmer, Chairman of Magistrates, West Ham.

DEAR GENERAL,—That was a poignant story told you by a Private in the Essex Regiment, charged with drunkenness at West Ham. Returning home on leave from the Front, the poor fellow learned with a shock of grief and surprise that his wife had been buried three days before, and his children removed to a Home. Unnerved by the tragic news, the man had temporarily given way to drink. A very foolish and weak proceeding, no doubt; but I am looking at those harsh words of yours—"You are a disgrace to the uniform you wear, getting beastly drunk." Do you think that that scathing censure was wise, or necessary, or just, or calculated to assuage the poor fellow's grief? JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. F. Hayward, Brockenhurst, Hants.

DEAR LONE LADY,—I have not the privilege of your acquaintance, but I feel I must intrude for a few lines because of your advertisement for an Under-Housemaid—"One lady; eight servants." I suppose they must wait on each other, if you don't take in washing, for I am positive you cannot use them all. If I send to inspect your garrison, kindly arrange to have them forming fours on the back lawn.
JOHN BULL.

To W. J. Willmott, Esq., Chairman, Food Control Committee, Hitchin.

SIR,—I am very much averse to your hole and corner methods in regard to food offences. At a recent meeting of your Committee, it was reported that a local butcher had broken the law in two places. Your clear duty was to institute proceedings for the protection of the public. Instead, after a lame discussion, you gave your vote, and casting vote, in favour of the offender being only "served with a reprimand." On my behalf, please serve yourself and your Committee with another. In these days it is a public duty, when such offences are provable, to set the law vigorously in motion. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George's purpose *cannot* be
To let the criminal go free?

Lords who think Votes for Women treason
Perhaps at home find d——d good reason.

While Tommy fights to keep us free,
Our war girls toil for liber-tea.

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Boot Laces	2d. & 3d.
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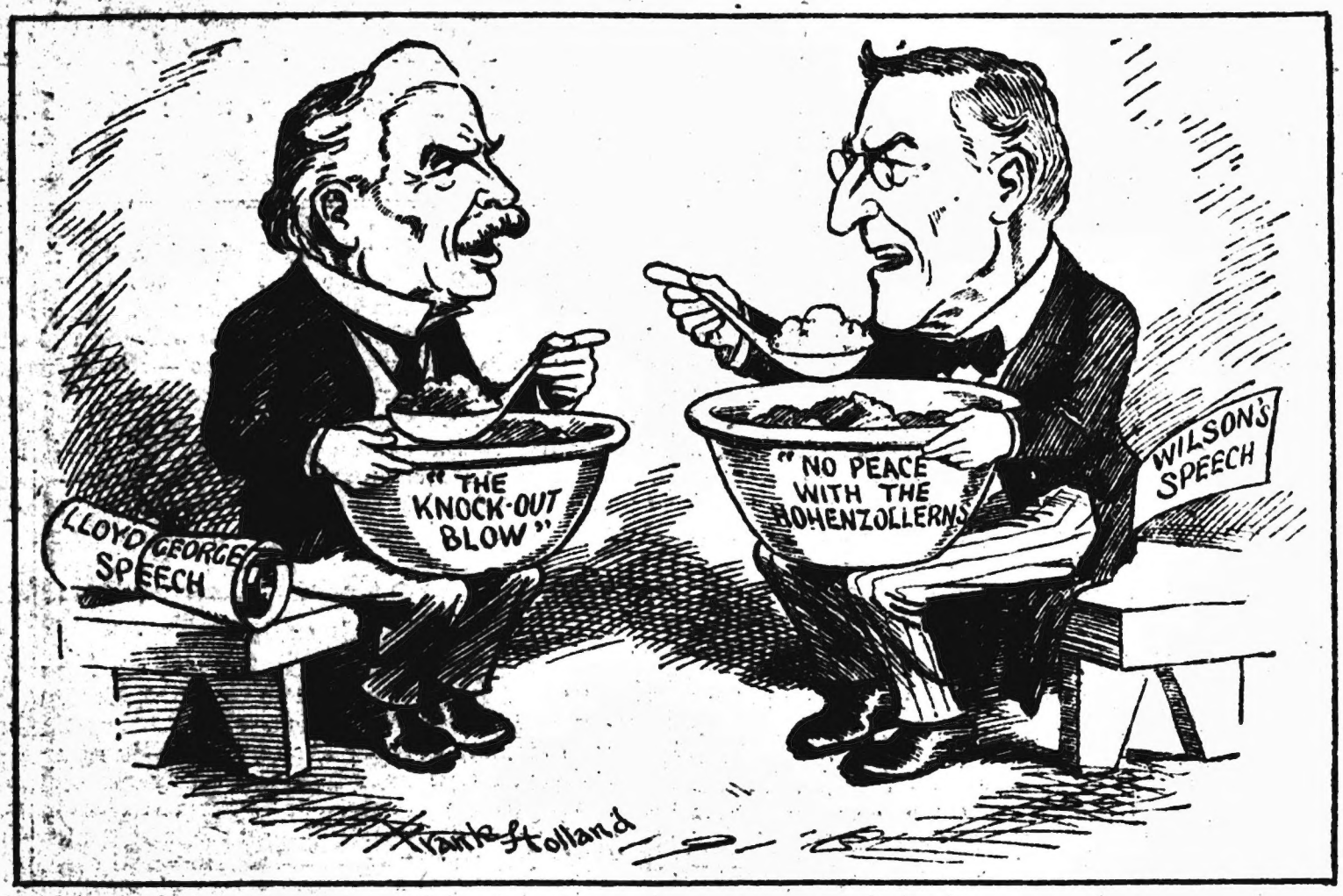
WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15

EATING THEIR WORDS.



"More Food that ought to be Controlled."

HUSH! HUSH!

LIEUTENANT DIES AND MAJOR GOES BACK TO DUTY.

Lieutenant S. Perston King was killed at Wykham Park, Banbury, by the explosion of a bomb. King was the Regimental Bombing Officer at the East Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot. He was on a week-end visit to Major Crossley. The two men left the barracks at Aldershot in the afternoon in the Major's own motor. With them went a number of grenades and bombs. No authority was asked for this, though it is expressly forbidden to take away grenades and bombs without permission, and, above all, to take them for private purposes. On the following day there was an explosion on the lawn of Wykham Park, and when the butler and the gardener came on the scene, they found the mutilated body of Lieutenant King lying on a gravel path. The main facts are undisputed. A grave offence was committed. Bombs were taken by the two men without authority—apparently for private purposes. An officer has been killed in consequence. And Major Crossley, after having had about a month's sick leave, returned to the Army as if nothing had happened, and is now on duty at Aldershot. If there has been an Official Inquiry (apart from the inquest, which in such a case does not count) then it was a secret Inquiry, for nothing has been heard of one. It would seem that a Member of Parliament placed the matter before the War Office, and that it was stated nothing would be done to Crossley, "owing to the poor fellow's injuries." What about King's injuries? And so, if the public does not bestir itself, the matter ends. As we have upon several occasions shown, many excellent officers disappear in an inceremonious manner from the Army because of a Secret Report, and on the smallest pretext. But Crossley is still on duty, though apparently through his breach of Regulations a man has been slain. Why is that so? What would have happened to him had he been a private soldier or a junior subaltern? So grave a matter should not be allowed to rest where it is.

"OUT YOU GO!"

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

At Langley Moor, Durham, there is a grocer named Skilbeck who, to say the least, is not all that a patriotic British tradesman should be. At the outset, we state the case mildly—not because we have any particular tenderness for Mr. Skilbeck, but with a desire to make every allowance for the difficulties under which retail tradesmen are labouring. However, there is no excuse for Mr. Skilbeck. His manners are an atrocity and his methods an abomination. For instance, there was the case of a discharged soldier, suffering from shell-shock and gas-poisoning, who, returning unexpectedly to his home at Langley Moor, applied to Mr. Skilbeck for a modest stock of plain provisions. Anticipating some difficulty in the matter, the local Food Control Office had given the ex-soldier a note to the shopkeeper; but for this "scrap of paper" Skilbeck evinced not the least respect. All he cared about, apparently, was to ascertain where the would-be purchaser had deposited his sugar-card. "Get your other groceries where you get your sugar," was his harsh ultimatum. The illegality of this requirement is a matter for the local Food Control Committee, who presumably have themselves to blame if the Regulations are treated with contempt. Meanwhile, Skilbeck's general attitude towards the purchasing public, other than his own favoured customers, is an acute local grievance, the case we have cited not being the only one, although perhaps the worst. If the invalided soldier had come to steal his goods, instead of to buy them with hard-earned money, Skilbeck could scarcely have treated him with greater asperity. Here was a man—freshly discharged from the Army and bearing the visible traces of his sufferings and injuries—receiving nothing better at the hands of this shopkeeper, who has contrived to keep his own skin safe, than ejection from the shop. The case is one of which the Recruiting Authorities, as well as the Food Control Committee, might well take note.

MY VISIT TO

Unique Interviews with the Three "

By TH.

As announced by me last week, I received from the Prime Minister a letter inviting me to meet him for the purpose of discussing my recent communication dealing with the Food question, and the urgent necessity for an improved system of Production, Distribution and Control; and I have now had the interview. By a fortunate coincidence, it happened that when I called, Sir Edward Carson and Lord Reading were with the Prime Minister, and instead of waiting—as was suggested—until they had left, I proposed that they should remain during the conversation. For reasons I will explain, I was particularly pleased to find Sir Edward there, as he is the Chief of the War Aims Department of the Government, and we had both been so far unsuccessfully endeavouring to fix an appointment, mutually convenient, for a talk on the equally vital question of War Propaganda. I was glad, too, of the presence of the Lord Chief Justice, who, in these abnormal and wonderful days, has, to a large extent, discarded his crimson and ermine robes in order to assist the Government generally, and his bosom friend, the Prime Minister, in particular, in solving knotty questions of international law and finance; and one of the things I wanted to talk about was not altogether dissociated from the object of the great mission which this remarkable lawyer-politician is about to undertake in America. By way of further preface, I may mention that I had previously been in close touch with Lord Rhondda, who, I am bound to say, had taken my criticisms of his Department in good part, and was the essence of candour. It was in such circumstances that the meeting took place at 10, Downing Street on the afternoon of Thursday last.

The Prime Minister.

First, let me say a few words of a personal nature respecting Mr. Lloyd George. I am sorry to observe that, under the strain and burden of his great office, he has aged much in advance of his years; and as I looked at those white hairs, and tired eyes, and furrowed brows, and gradually rounding shoulders, I could not help contrasting the care-worn figure with the agile and sprightly little Temperance Reformer with whom—be prepared for a shock—I used to stand side by side on the platform thirty years ago. Times do change, don't they? There is still, however, the same strong, masterful, vibrating personality about the man. Despite their fatigue, the eyes ever and again light up with Celtic fire—the active brain is always alert—and the keen glance, taking in the whole situation, is always at work. Do not let it be imagined that I am out to "throw bouquets" at the Prime Minister. As a matter of fact, many of his most pronounced qualities are a handicap rather than a help in his present post. He is, indeed, the concentrated essence of Magnetism, Shrewdness, Restlessness and Emotion. How far these traits constitute a perfect compound for the vigorous, relentless conduct of a great war, I must leave the psychologists to determine. But that his one life object is to bring about a speedy and triumphant issue of the conflict, there can be no atom of doubt. And, truth to tell, I think he will do so. At any rate, he has already achieved the remarkable feat of uniting all sections of the community and of public life, and of making the nation believe that he is the Only Man. And that is "half the battle." The weakness of the Asquith *régime* was that people *would* whisper all kinds of things—absolutely unfounded, in fact—about German sympathies and influences; the explanation being that the ex-Premier was unfortunate in some of his social surroundings. But there are no whispers—I had almost used the slang phrase, "no whiskers"—about Lloyd George. He is all out for the cause, and that is why people trust him. My only doubt is whether his strength and endurance will be equal to the strain—for he has yet to learn the art of conserving his vitality.

The Interview.

Such were the thoughts running through my mind as I dropped into a chair next to the Lord Chief Justice, and opened my friendly Offensive. To be candid, for a time I almost forgot the Food question—being carried ahead by a sense of the unique opportunity unexpectedly afforded me of putting the case for the Man in the Street before the greatest Judge in the land, the leading Counsel at the Bar, and the Prime Minister. I explained that, having filled the rôle of Professional Optimist (a phrase which highly amused the "Chief") for the past three years, I thought the time had arrived for me to get into closer touch with the Government, and utilise such influence and advantages as I possess for the purpose of interpreting to the common folk, in language they understand, the meaning of the high-flown phrases of diplomacy—in which the Prime Minister is compelled to speak; in short, making our war aims really clear to the men and women—yes, and the children—who are to-day going short of food—and of averting the grave peril which is threatening the land, and which it will take all the wisdom of the wisest statesmanship to avert. Making straight for Sir Edward Carson, I protested that the War Aims Committee, of which he is the head, has so far dismally failed in its purpose—and I was certainly somewhat nonplussed when Sir Edward admitted that such was the case. You see, only a big man would have done that. I ridiculed the idea of holding packed little meetings, organised by the Party agents, throughout the country, and of sending second-rate speakers down to address them. And I asked who had been sent to lecture the shivering and threatening queues outside the butchers' shops. Then, turning to the Prime Minister, I ventured to assure him that, however much the political Press might laud his recent speech, most of it was Greek to the Man in the Street, and, warming up to my subject, I declared that "the one thing wanted to win the war and save the country, is a real, live Director of War Propaganda." Again I was momentarily nonplussed. "I thought," said the Premier, with a House of Commons smile, "you were filling that rôle." But, however, not being in the House, I did not pause to

THE PREMIER.

...iefs"—My Downing Street Offensive.

EDITOR.

bow my acknowledgments of the compliment, but came right to the point. "Why not appoint somebody to the post, in order that he may have the right to consult every Public Department and to fortify himself with information which at present reaches us incomplete and only by circuitous routes?" Perhaps it was a daring suggestion to make, in the presence of Sir Edward, but we have been in many cases together, when I was "practising" at the Bar, and I know his imperturbable good nature and forbearance. Then coming down to the specific question of Food Control, it was obvious that, in the view of the Prime Minister, there is, at present, no vacancy, and having become thoroughly obsessed with my latest suggestion, I decided to "resume conversations," as the Diplomatists say, with Lord Rhondda, with the object of getting my nose in some way into his Department and thus helping to remedy the present deadlock. So we harked back to Propaganda, discussing the faults of the present system—which, I think, it was generally felt has been just about as effective as that ridiculous Food Economy campaign of Sir Arthur Yapp. By the way, I was invited to take part in that farce—but *de mortuis nil*, etc. And the Prime Minister himself was quite candid about the matter. I was much struck with one of his remarks. "You see," said he, "I am obliged to speak in Despatches"—a neat little phrase, which just explains the need for popular interpretation. In the end, it was left to Sir Edward to make an appointment to discuss the whole matter further.

The Food Ministry.

Then off I went again to the Ministry of Food, and had a long heart-to-heart talk with Lord Rhondda. Having sat with him in the House of Commons, and knowing something of his wonderful commercial achievements, especially since he retired from Parliament, I have never under-rated his personal capacity. My fear has been that, relying for his organisation—as is the rule in Government Departments—on stereotyped Civil Servants, whose minds and human instincts have become atrophied by a long absence from contact with the world, he necessarily finds his hands tied at every turn. I cannot help feeling, however, that the effect of my recent article had deeply impressed his mind, not only with the power and influence of this journal, but also with the confidence which—rightly or wrongly—the public reposes in its Editor. At any rate, there was no ambiguity about our discussion. I was permitted to indicate various directions in which I considered there was overlapping and waste of effort, and, incidentally, to call the attention of his Lordship to a fairly comprehensive selection of specific complaints taken from our general Letter Bag. News evidently travels fast in Government circles, for we had not been talking long before Lord Rhondda smilingly observed: "I understand that, after all, you are not coming to take over the Establishment, and that *you* may yet be Director of War Propaganda?" I replied that, as the greater included the lesser, so War Propaganda, correctly understood, would comprise intimate touch with every Government Department—adding that "No amount of talk and propaganda will be effective so long as people have to go without their Sunday dinner!" And now to come to the point. "I think," said I, "that as War Propagandist I could render best service to the State, and as I am, in effect—whether officially appointed or not—filling that rôle, I should like to establish certain relations with your Department which would enable me to keep in close touch with its work and occasionally, perhaps, to make practical suggestions for its increased usefulness." And to my pleasant surprise, the suggestion met with an immediate and ready response—with the result that certain definite arrangements have now been made, under which it will be my privilege, on behalf of the general public whom I serve, to keep a finger on the pulse of the Ministry of Food and, I trust, render some real assistance to its Chief. I hope, therefore, yet to be the means of gingering up the Department, even if not to such an extent as would be the case if I sat in Lord Rhondda's chair.

A Talk With Carson.

And in due course the interview with Sir Edward Carson took place, at the offices of the War Cabinet, where I sat with the famous Counsel for an hour, reviewing the situation from every point of view. The first thing I learnt was that his connection with the War Aims Committee is purely *ex officio* in character. He is *Liaison* Officer between the Cabinet—of which he is member, without portfolio—and the outer world; and the Committee has its separate offices in another building. It consists of the Whips and Organisers of the Liberal, Unionist and Labour Parties—with the Government Whip, Captain Guest, as Chairman—so that you have these various political rivals watching each other in every move. Let me give an illustration. The other day Dr. Macnamara was sent down to a meeting under the auspices of the Committee. Now "Mac" is one of the best of platform speakers—yet the meeting was a frost. And why? According to my information, the Asquith Liberals boycotted him because he was too friendly with Lloyd George! And such cases are occurring every day. Well, I suggested to Sir Edward that, under the present system, such a state of things—the existence of which he did not deny—was inevitable, and that the only remedy was the appointment of a responsible Director of Propaganda—in touch with every Government Department, and familiar with all the details of compaign organisation. I think he was impressed with my arguments. At any rate, he promised to talk the whole thing over with the Prime Minister. And there the matter stands. Personally, I am indifferent to the outcome of all these discussions. Official or unofficial, I am proud to be the Tribune of the Man in the Street. At any rate, my week has not been wasted—*as time will show.*

BLOW THE RISK!

FINE OPPORTUNITIES FOR GUILELESS HUNS.

Is the arrival of 230 German prisoners of war at one of the largest munition factories situate on the outskirts of Birmingham the first tangible result of the invitation issued by the Birmingham Substitution Officer to employers to find work for enemies, which invitation we recently referred to? It is carelessly playing with fire to set over two hundred characteristic specimens of the treacherous breed within the very shadow of a munition factory, if not actually inside the walls, for the highly-important work of erecting a new aerodrome and motor track. For it will be comparative freedom which the brutes will enjoy. When it is remembered that this valuable factory has often been the much-searched-for objective of Zeppelin raiders, there is just cause for alarm. And even if the lives of hundreds of munition men and munition women and girls are not actually endangered, the munitioners would be justified in indignantly resenting having to work alongside men who probably have transgressed every law of humanity. True to their instincts, many of these Huns, immediately they stepped from the special train which had conveyed them to the village, attempted an amorous offensive by ogling a group of munition girls—who, with commendable nonchalance, gave the smirking, grinning Huns the cold shoulder, and turned the other way.

"CORPORATE" CHEEK.

QUEER PROCEEDINGS OF DEBT COLLECTING FIRM.

Chasing the nimble sixpence seems to be a favourite hobby of Messrs. Barnfield and Marshall, Accountants and Auditors, of Walsall. A Staffordshire miner failed—probably through an oversight—to pay the last sixpence of a debt and costs amounting to £1 16s. 6d. "I must request you," wrote Mr. George Marshall on December 3rd, "to pay the balance of Debt and Costs into Court herein, not later than noon on Wednesday next, the 5th inst., failing which the Solicitor to the Offices will be instructed to issue a Warrant of Execution against you without further notice." Threatened with the rape of his household goods, the collier tramped three miles to the railway station, and took a journey of five miles by train to pay in the wretched sixpence, being apparently under the impression that nothing less than his personal attendance would suffice. Very amusing, no doubt, to Messrs. Barnfield and Marshall—very satisfying to their poor sense of justice and professional spirit! By the way, why do these enterprising gentlemen describe themselves as "Corporate" Accountants? A qualified accountant may be "Chartered" or "Incorporated," but a "Corporate Accountant," as far as we are aware, is a creature unknown to the law. Perhaps when they can snatch a minute from sixpence chasing, Messrs. Barnfield and Marshall will explain.

A LUMINOUS IDEA.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR PLAIN DIALS.

A reader with time on his hands, and spare room in his pockets, responded to an engaging advertisement in a morning newspaper: "Evening employment at home, no canvassing, good money earned, apply to Mr. A. Clark, 57, High Street, Clapham, S.W." Reduced to essentials, Mr. Clark's bright idea is that persons in search of light employment of a remunerative kind should worry their friends and neighbours to have their "plain dials"—*watch*-dials—illuminated, offering to undertake the work at a charge of 1s. 6d. or 2s. per dial. "The work can be done at home in your spare time," says Mr. Clark, "and you will find it quite a simple matter to earn £2 or £3 a week." Of course, there is a "secret recipe," which Clark will supply for the modest fee of 1s. 3d.—after which it merely remains to work up a connection, by persuading your friends and neighbours to consent to an experiment upon their dials. Should they prove pig-headed, that will, of course, be no fault of Clark's, but just part of the general cussedness of human nature. Personally, we don't see ourselves paying a man 1s. 6d. to mess about with our watch-dials, but perhaps we are unduly suspicious.

AN "OBJECT" AND HIS WIFE.

UNION WORKERS APPEAL AGAINST THEIR EXECUTIVE.

The Amalgamated Union of Co-operative and Commercial Employees appoints, through its Executive, Organisers in different districts. To the Northern Division was appointed a man now called to the Colours, and, because he is one of those things called Conscientious Objectors, his wife receives no Army allowance. The Executive Council has had the impudence to flout its loyal members by appointing the wife to fill the office of the Conchy, at a salary of about £300 a year. It is so ashamed of its own act that it smothers resolutions of protest by branches, and even refuses publication of them in the men's own journal. The Object now shirking his patriotic duty had been supposed to "organise" thousands of men, many of whom are doing their bit in the country's forces. Their feelings at being, first, overseered by a Conscientious shirker, and now mothered by his wife, may be imagined as bitterly resentful, while the careful attempt of the Executive Council to shut down opposition and smother the voice of protest only adds to the irritation. Members of the Union appeal to us for publicity, because they cannot secure justice from their own officials.

WOOD AND WOODEN-HEADS.

SOMETHING *NOT* CAVIARE TO THE "GENERAL."

There is, it is officially stated, a great shortage of carrying facilities from Irish ports to England for food stuffs and other necessities. Special timber, such as is grown in the "Sister Isle," is urgently required for making bobbins and other cotton-mill accessories. A vessel employed for transporting it was lost, and some of the mills are now practically at a standstill. Yet at this moment there are dozens of small steamers running with coals for the Irish railways from Garston and Liverpool to Belfast, etc.,—all returning empty. There would, no doubt, be a slight delay if they were to fill up with much needed things, but the owners would be adequately compensated by the extra freightage earned. No doubt the regular Lines would kick against this encroachment upon their virtual monopoly, but the Shipping Controller should be powerful enough to squash all such efforts of vested interests. By the way, can any member of the staff of the General (!) who controls auxiliary shipping and repairs, tell us why the s.s. *Heathmore*, lying off Garston, is not patched and taken to the neighbouring Liverpool Dry Docks for repair? Here is a vessel, capable of carrying 6,000 tons of cargo, allowed to lie and rot, and there seems no practical man who can remove the scandal. No doubt, the Khaki staff of the General have never heard of the ship!

"CONTEMPT" OF COURT.

MOONY METHODS OF THE WATER BOARD.

Among the foibles of the Metropolitan Water Board is an inordinate fondness for litigation. Not long ago a reader was the recipient of a summons from the mandarins of Savoy Court, which he describes as an "improper" one, at any rate, he was resolved to contest the matter, and in due course attended for the purpose at the Westminster County Court. To his surprise, however, no one from the Board was present to prove the claim. In the ordinary way, this would have led to the striking out of the action, but having regard, apparently, to the lofty official status of the plaintiffs, the Registrar declined to take this course, adjourning the proceedings to enable the Board to call witnesses. On the other hand, in several cases where the defendants had failed to enter an appearance, judgment was automatically given for the Board. Obviously, this is a very one-sided arrangement. In the case we mention, it operated most unfairly against the defendant, who was compelled, at great inconvenience, to attend the Court a second time, entirely on account of the plaintiffs' neglect. Is it too much to ask of Mr. Walter Moon—whose salary, according to the latest official lists, is £1,100 per annum—that when he takes the trouble to put people in the County Court, he should take the further pains of having his witnesses in Court?

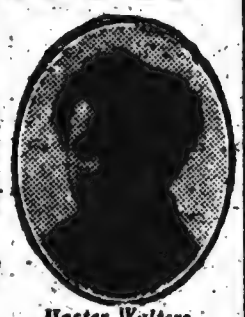
"Bullets"—the Competition with the most Prizes. See page 16.

BRONCHITIS FROM BIRTH

Little Boy Soon Cured.

Mrs. Walters, 115, Duke Road, Chiswick, London, W. 4, says: "I only wish I had known of Veno's sooner; it would have saved my little son such a lot of suffering. Almost from birth he had been subject to bronchitis. The attacks were so severe that he used to be in bed for three weeks at a time, and was so weakened with the cough and breathlessness that he looked just like a little wreck.

"Though I always had medical advice, the trouble continued till I heard about Veno's. After the first dose or two he seemed easier, and soon was completely cured."



Master Walters.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures.

COUGHS AND COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES, NASAL CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,

11½d. A Bottle.

DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD-SPITTING, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS.

Larger sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

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ZOX cures NEURALGIA

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See that you have a bottle of POND'S ready to cure and prevent this troublesome complaint. This simple, cleanly and pleasant remedy has a world-wide reputation for all-round utility.

You can apply Pond's Extract with confidence in all cases of **Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Catarrh, Soreness, Stiffness, Wounds, Piles, Varicose Veins and Bleeding** (internal or external). **Pond's Extract** is antiseptic—a splendid "First Aid" for the Soldier, the Nurse, & the Home.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Insist on the genuine POND'S Extract, the purity and strength of which are guaranteed by its 70 years' reputation. Sold by all Chemists in sealed bottles at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. and 5s. Book of "First Aid" directions with every bottle.

If any difficulty in obtaining from your Chemist or Stores, send P.O. for the price direct to us and we will despatch your order at once.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. Dept. 117, 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free:—Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Paletots, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Furs, Workers' and Boy's Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Lace, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances, etc., etc.

EASY — G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

BANISH HAIR POVERTY.

How to Rid Yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff, and Secure Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain. Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness, and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Are War conditions responsible for all this? Actually in many cases they are.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR HAIR

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," said Mr. Edwards, the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," "but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. I have heard of extraordinary cases of hair troubles. There are hundreds of thousands who are suffering from hair weakness due to the anxiety, worry, and overwork of these trying times, which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer.

"I am willing to send to the first million people who write for it a parcel containing all the necessary materials for a seven days' practice of hair-health and beauty cultivation free of all charge."

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR FREE.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

There is no reason why any woman should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following "Harlene Hair-Drill."

The Gift parcel comprises:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

Does your hair fall out when you brush and brush it in the morning? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise.

FREE TO ALL 1,000,000 HARLENE HAIR DRILL OUTFITS

You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test "Harlene Hair Drill" Free (see coupon).

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of brightness to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair gives to the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle.

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct, from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE HARLENE GIFT COUPON

Cut out and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE LIMITED, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept)

JOHN BULL, 19/1/18.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied.*"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

A "Lively" Labour Company.

The 138th Labour Co., in France, is full of complaints. One is to the effect that they are "lively," owing to their blankets and uniform not having been fumigated for over six months. A few Sundays ago they had a bath, and they look back to the occasion as a red-letter day in their service at the front.

Shifted!

A short time ago we had occasion to criticise the arrangements for the comfort of the men of a certain Depot Company, and are glad now to hear that our remarks have been efficacious, the O.C. and the Sergeant-Major being transferred to other stations. We should like, however, to know why so much energy is being expended in an endeavour to find out who wrote to JOHN BULL about it!

Cheerio!

Having received numerous complaints from convalescent Tommies regarding the early hour at which they had to return to their wards, we placed the matter before a very high authority who takes a keen interest in the comfort of our men, and we are glad to know that the sick and wounded have had their time extended by one hour daily. We hope to see this improved upon when the evenings are lighter.

Saving Tommy's Pocket.

We are sorry that the recent Royal Warrant, raising Tommy's pay and abolishing hospital stoppages in all but certain cases, did not include a paragraph doing away with barrack damages—which continue to be severely resented by all units. If a man through carelessness or design injures property, by all means make him pay for it; but the present system is, we consider, grossly unfair, and is often abused.

Yet Another Iniquity.

The Gas-School Instructors employed in the 3rd Brigade at Prees Heath Camp, Whitchurch, are largely cowardly Objectors. Men sent home gassed and wounded are, however, actually placed under them to be instructed as to how to wear a mask! The Objects appear to put in most of their time organising concert parties. Couldn't they be sent to the front line trenches to exercise their powers?

"Angels of Mercy."

We much regret the growing torrent of letters concerning the treatment accorded to our wounded heroes in V. A. D. hospitals. The majority of the nurses—bless them!—are angels of mercy, but, unfortunately, many females have stepped in who are vixens, and act as such. We want the very best done for our sick and wounded, and suggest that those responsible for hospitals should find out which members of the nursing staff could be spared from the wards to look for munition jobs or employment as tram-conductresses.

Mr. Hodge's Tea Girls.

The Pensions Issue Office, in Baker Street, somewhat resembles a tea-shop in perpetual full swing. We do not wish to see the army of young lady clerks deprived of their refreshment, but they might get on with their work, and at the same time exercise care. It frequently happens that pensioners call at the place repeatedly concerning their money, and receive only promises which are not fulfilled. Worse still, it is not by any means rare for ex-soldiers' Discharge papers, which cannot be replaced, to be lost. Mr. Hodge seems to be stumping the country, and promising all kinds of things *after* the war—it would be better, perhaps, if he stayed in town for a while, and looked after his present organisation.

A Hero's Son Snubbed.

A Reserve Battalion were paraded a few days ago by the Colonel, who read out the names of some heroes of the 1st Batt. who had fallen in the recent action at Cambrai. He then inspected the men, and saw that a boy had draped a button with crape for the death of his father—one of the heroes who had just been praised by the Colonel. We can imagine the young soldier's feelings when his Commander told him to remove the crape. The majority of officers allow their men to display this slight token of mourning, and in so doing are wise.

Pity the Cooks!

The pay of all ratings in the Navy was supposed to be raised some time ago, after a very serious agitation. The cook staffs, however, appear to have been overlooked, and complain to us that they are "done out of" fivepence a day. Perhaps Sir Eric Geddes will get it back!

Not Playing Cricket.

Gunners on certain cross-Channel boats tell us that they have to stand by during an all-night trip, and afterwards clean their quarters and the weapons, in addition to preparing and cooking their food. They are debarred, too, from the extra day's pay given in certain circumstances to the crews of the vessels. Who would not be a protector of a cross-Channel steamer against submarines?

Rotting at Her Buoy.

There is in commission at Milford Haven a yacht, lent to the State, and now known as H.M.S. *Idaho*. We believe that on one occasion she carried a General from Pembroke to Milford, but it would seem that the only use to which she has since been put has been the carrying of picnic parties of the Naval Base staff. The vessel has not been to sea on Government service for two years—but the Lieutenant in command and the crew receive their pay, of course, whilst the total sum spent on the vessel's upkeep must be very large. Perhaps the Admiralty has forgotten the boat.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Pain and Penury.

A poor fellow wrote us from hospital where—discharged with heart strain and rheumatism—he is undergoing treatment. His pension is not yet fixed; meanwhile he is threatened with the seizure of his furniture for arrears of rent. He has lost his wife and was bearing the strain of his natural grief and the monetary anxiety alone when we gladly came to the rescue.

A Shell-Shock Sufferer.

Another one, in receipt of a pension of 8s. 8d. a week, has a wife and two children to share this pitiable amount. Owing to his condition, he needs nerve-building food—which, of course, he cannot afford. When the facts were placed before us, we helped—and thought.

Perplexed.

Her husband in France, a poor mother had no one to turn to for sympathy when she lost one of her little ones, and had another lying ill. She, too, was unable to make ends meet, the doctor's bill and the exorbitantly high cost of the extra nourishment practically exhausting her none too large allowance. She hoped to find a friend in us, and we fulfilled her expectation.

Seasonable Succour.

During the "festive" season we sent gladness into many homes where anxiety was prevalent. Heartrending cases reach us week by week, and we are sometimes puzzled to find means of coping with the increasing numbers. It will be gratifying, however, to the subscribers to our Fund to know that their gifts have been so gratefully received during the Christmas week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

W. H. (Hoxton), 4s. 6d.; E. C. B., 2s. 6d.; "Fortunate," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," £1 4s.; R. A. G., ...; J. B. (Morecambe), 2s. 6d.; D. W., 1s.; "Lapsus Linguæ Department" (Hessle), 6s.; R. S. C., £1; "Eschre Club, R. 6902," 4s.; Mrs. R. M. T. and Miss R. C. T., 5s.; Anon., 1s.; D. W., 1s.; G. L., 1s.; J. A. M., 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser," 5s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Richmond), 2s.; K. D., 1s. 6d.; Fitters' Dept., Pe... Co. (per A. R. W.), £1 9s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Pye and Co.'s Test Room (per E. H.) 4s.; "Frank and Pat" (Ealing), 10s.; H. R., 1s.; "A Mother," 1s.; A. H., 1s.; I. J., 1s.; J. T. M., 1s.; A. H. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; Sgt. J., 6d.; F. C., 9d.; "Nip," 1s.; D. K. (Hale), 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Bournemouth), 10s.; R. B. (Thame), 2s. 6d.; J. H. (Middleton), 4..., Mrs. C. C. M., £2 12s.; "Little Wench," 5s.; Mrs. H. F., 2s. 6d.; Miss K., 6d.; "A Soldier's Widow," 16s.; "Jack," £1 1s.; "Tubbs," 2s. 6d.; "A Reader" (Shaftesbury), 2s. 6d.; M. P. M. (Coventry), 2s.; G. W. (Hull), 10s.; C. S. (Chiswick), 2s.; "Mellroyd," £1; C. P., 2s. 6d.; "Red Dragon," £1; Friends of Humanity B'ham Benefit Society (per A. E. H.), 11s.; G. J., £10; "Anon.," 2s. 6d.; "John Ruskin Sheffield Band of Mercy," £1; W. H. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2d.; 343 Det., M. T. A. S. C. (Swindon), £1; "In Loving Memory of 5... L.R.B.," 10s.; "Love One Another," 2s.; "In Memory of Len," £1; S. J. O., £1; "Sanuki Maru," 1s.; "Theresa," 5s.; G. E. L. (S. Tottenham), 2s. 6d.; "A Scottish Lass," 1s. 6d.; "Hubert," (Reading), 5s.; "Swell," 10s.; R. J. H., 2s. 6d.; "R.N.A.S."

(*Continued on next page.*)

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.

We have received during the past week a large number of requests from Readers who, owing to unforeseen circumstances, were not able to utilise their "JOHN BULL" Christmas Gift Coupon before December 31st. To avoid disappointment and *as a special concession*, we will accept these coupons if forwarded before Monday, the 21st of January. THIS DATE MUST BE CONSIDERED AS FINAL.

NOTE.—The "John Bull" Pen Xmas Gift Coupon (value one shilling) referred to above was published in our issue dated November 17th.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 12 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

(January 19th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"The Greatest of These—"

SUBSCRIPTIONS—*Continued.*

£a.; H. A., 2s.; C. S. (Ealing), 10s.; E. M. W., 5s.; "Kitty," 5s.; M. M. (St. Leonards), 5s.; "In Memory of Pte. Meddows," 1s.; Anonymous, 2s.; F. H. C., 3s.; R. E. P., 6d.; "A Persevering Competitor," 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; E. G. U., 2s. 6d.; L. R., 6d.; S. C. (Borcham Wood), 1s.; H. G. (Doncaster), 5s.; "Lily and Irone," 2s.; H. H. P., 2s. 10d.; "Elastch," 6s.; "Joan" (Middlesbrough), 5s. 6d.; "Agent," 5d.; "Blackjaw," 5s.; W. S., £1; J. W. H., 10s.; "A Canadian Soldier," £2; "Constant Reader and Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; J. H. S. B. (Lancaster), 10s. 6d.; C. R. (Hayes), 2s. 6d.; Sergeants 53 H.B.R.G.A. (Macedonia), 10s.; W. L. (Liverpool), 10s.; M.T., A.S.C. (Barnsley), 7s. 6d.; Personnel of the Casualty Branch, B.E.F., 85 francs; Craigo Recreation Club, 13s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; "Sgt. Cameron Mrs.," 5s.; "K. of Tottenham," 3s.; M. J. H., 2s. 6d.; "Glamtyreonian," 5s.; Sgt. B., 4s. 9d.; Mrs. L. S., 6s. 6d.; H. H. (Harfleur), 2s. 1d.; J. B., 2s. 6d.; R. A. (Harringay), 2s. 6d.; A. McM., £5; Mrs. M. T., 2s.; Ship's Officers' and Stewards' Dept., H.M.S. *Gascon*, £2 10s.; F. W., 2s. 6d.; E. F. (Liverpool), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. A. P. (Southall), 5s.; E. M. S., 4s.; B. M. (Wednesbury), 10s.; A. H. W. (Horley), 5s.; Sgts.' Mess, M.T. Co., A.S.C. (B.E.F.), £1 1s.; C. J. R. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; J. W. (Leytonstone), 4s.; C. H. (Chatham), 2s.; "13513," £1; A. E. L., 5s.; "An Enquirer" (Ardrossan), £3; "Constant Reader" (Whitby Bay), 5s.; Mrs. E. M. F., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. K. M., 6d.; T. H. C., 2s. 6d.; H. P., 1s.; S. P. (King's Lynn), 1s. 6d.; "Rejected," 2s. 6d.; F. A. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; J. R. (Accrington), 2s. 6d.; Master, Officers, and Crew of s.s. *Hermoine*, £3 0s. 6d.; Mrs. R. J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; M. M., 10s.; "Spiritual Sympathiser" (Johannesburg), £1; H. W. J., 2s. 6d.; H. H., 6d.; "Berlin Reader," 2s.; The Misses B. (Rouen), 20 francs; "Five Choir Boys" (Scarborough), £1; E. S. (Reading), 4s. 3d.; "Jonathan," 10s.; W. G. C. (Edmonton), 5s.; A. C., 1s.; R. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Winnie," 2s. 6d.; E. A. H., 2s. 6d.; "Fat Face," 1s.; "Anzac's Wife," 3s.; "Good Luck to Somebody," 10s.; "Sceeta," 2s.; E. M., 6d.; "Four Times Wounded," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. A. H., £14; H. C., £1 1s.; J. M., 1s.; D. W. S., 3s.; H. C. B., 2s. 6d.; "Gus," 10s.; F. L., 2s. 6d.; "An Englishwoman," 5s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "Three of Us" (Bradford), 15s.; E.W., 3s. 6d.; "Two Harrowgate Readers," £1; F. M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Bullet Prizewinner and Wellwisher," 5s.; G. L. H., £1; "Carfu," 5s.; A. H., 5s. 6d.; W. R. H., 1s. 10d.; E. W. G. (Beeston), 2s.; "A Wellwisher" (Warwick), £2; B. F. G. (Wakefield), 1s.; S. S., 1s.; "A Ripon Family," 7s. 6d.; A. J. H. W., 1s. 3d.; "Monifieth," 1s.; E. B., 5s.; "Pat," 1s.; A. W. 24., 1s.; E. J., £1; "Lily and Edie" (Putney), 2s. 6d.; "Soldier on Farm Work," 1s.; Anon., 9d.; W. F. (Runcorn), 6d.; N. E. S., 2s.; "A Reader" (Old Head), 2s. 6d.; "A Mother of Two Soldier Boys," 1s.; N. L., 5s.; H. H. W. 5s.; C. McC., 2s.; "Shantung," 10s.; "Wellwisher, J.B.," 2s. 6d.; "Another John," 2s. 6d.; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 3s.; A. V., 1s.; "A Soldier's Mite," 2s.; E. and C. L., 2s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Widow," 2s. 6d.; E. E., parcel; "Laddie's Mother," 1s.; Sergeants' Swear Box, M.T., A.S.C., 9s. 6d.; S. W. R., 2s. 6d.; "Turkey Winner" (Peckham), 1s.; Mess 24, H.M.S. *Cyclops* (per W. J. H.), £1 1s.; J. W. G., 2s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; W. J. C. (Conway), 10s.; M. R. E., 10s.; A. S. F., 2s.; A. A., £1 1s.; J. W. A., 5s.; Crew of s.s. *Constantine* (per J. A.), £3 13s. 6d.; "The Perry Hill Warblers," 10s.; J. F. B., 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Happy Sweetheart," 6d.; Collected at Dinner Table, Norton Cottage Wing, 3s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; H. S. N., 6d.; E.W. K. (Ontario), 2s. 6d.; A. S., 6d.; "Thankful," 1s.; Mrs. L. F., 7s. 7d.; Lt. H. R. F., 3s. 6d.; F. C., 3s. 1d.; Donation from Hongkong, £39 5s. 1d.; T. H. J., 2s. 6d.; T. D., 1s.; C. E. C., 2s.; E. R., 1s.; "A Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; S. J. (Tottenham), £1; Queen's Head, Liverpool, 11s.; L.N.W. Rly. Loco. Staff (Willesden Junction), £3; J. N., 1s. 3d.; D. K., 1s.; A. C. F., 1s. 6d.; W. J. T. P., 12s. 6d.; Cpl. J. S., 11d.; J. R., 3d.; F. H. (Camberwell), 5s.; A. W., 3s. 7d.; H. J. C., 1s.; J. H. D., 1s. 8d.; J. J. (Cleator Moor), 3d.; H. H. M., 3s. 8d.; M. C., 2s. 3d.; Mrs. F. B., 3s.; "Scotty," 2s.; Mrs. P., 3s.; "In Memory of Our Boy," 5s.; Mrs. B., 3s.; K. E. T., 1s.; "Ponica," 1s.; F. L., 11s.; C. O. G., £5; A. J. K., 1s.; Mrs. A., 2s. 6d.; R. W. P. (Canada), 1 dollar; W. E. T. (Brixton), 2s.; "The Twins," 5s.; L. G., 1s. 6d.; A. E. W., 4s.; "R.M.L.I.'s Wife," 1s.; C. R. 1s.; "Urmston," 1s. 10d.; A. M. M., 3s.; M. T., 6d.; "Pepper," 1s.; C. J. M., 5s.; L. S., 9d.; Mrs. A. L., 10s.; "Bullet Prize" (Port Glasgow), 5s.; A. B. (Tunbridge Wells), 3s.; "Rotherham," 2s. 6d.; G. C. B. (Glasgow), 10s.; R. S., 2s.; F. H., 6s. 9d.; E. W. (Darren), 1s.; H. C. M. (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; A. E. W. (Fleetwood), 2s. 6d.; "A Canadian P.O." 6s. 4d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. C., 3s. 2d.; L. H. (Streatham), 5s.; R. M. C. (Horrabridge), 15s. 1d.; "Kirand," 10s.; "A Reader in the North," 5s.; Mrs. W. (Newmarket), 1s.; A. T. (Australia), 5s.; Mrs. C. W. (Trowbridge), 1s.; W. H., 1s.; "S. 229," 2s. 6d.; "Scotch Friend," 10s.; K. B. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. E., 5s.; C. C. (Margate), 5s.; H. McC., 1s.; Mrs. O'S., 6d.; F. G. D., 1s.; C. J. D. (Belfast), 1s.; Mrs. E. A. N., 2s. 6d.; S. A. A., 1s.; Mrs. M. M., 1s.; W. W and A. W. (Chichester), 5s.; W. P. (Runcorn), 6d.; F. T. W., 4d.; J. S. (Orkney), 2s. 6d.; "Edith and Sybil," 5s.; "Jameson X.," 5s.; "R.A.," 5s.; W., 5s.; J. L., 5d.; A. R., 2s. 6d.; M. E. W., 5s.; E. M. J., 1s. 9d.; N. E. W. S., 9d.; R. K., 10s.; "Grateful Turkey Winner," 2s. 6d.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

DR. FORT NEWTON.

Good evenin', sir . . . . *Shampoo?* Yessir. Dry or wet? . . . *Dry?* All right, sir. It's coolin', but it 'ain't so cleansin'. . . . *That's why you want it?* I see, sir. A bit feverish, p'raps? From the States, ain't you, sir? . . . Ah, I thort so. I 'aven't bin to the U.S. meself, but I've 'eard the Yankee twang before. I 'card it larst Sund'y week, as a matter o' fack. Went to church fur the first time fur donkey's years—City Temple, it was. I 'eard the Rev. Dr. Fort Newton tell 'is tale about the pore young American soljers wot come to London good, moral tectotalers and in about ten minutes are turned into mad drunkards through the awful temptations of this wicked City. Lummy, 'e laid it on thick, with a trowel, so ter speak. . . . *Glad I'm in sympathy with 'im?* Wot, me? Go *hon*! W'y, I could 'ardly keep from larfin'! The best of it was, 'e got 'is rag out with the Guv'ment fur allowin' a little more beer to be brewed, mainly for the munition workers an' sech like, an' made out thet it was through beer thet 'e saw American boys staggerin' in the streets, drunk. Well, orl I kin say is, thet if the pore American boys wot 'e sed 'e'd seen staggerin' 'ad get drunk on beer, I'd like to know w'ere they sell thet beer. W'y, the beer wot's bein' brewed now wouldn't liven up a Band of 'Ope excursion any more then the ginger pop wot they swills does! But, fur my part, I think 'e wos torkin' through 'is 'at. I ain't seen no American soldiers drunk up to now. I've seen a Yankee sailor a bit slewed now an' then, p'raps. But if a sailor ain't got a right to git a bit merry orf an' on w'en 'e comes ashore, I sh'd like to know 'oo 'as. Well, enny 'ow, it appears thet the Rev. Fort Newton, becos 'e *thinks* 'e's seen some American soljers squiffy, wants the Guv'ment to put a stop to the sale o' beer altogether in England. 'E don't want much, do 'e? 'E wants the British workin' man, 'oo's doin' as much to win the wore as ennybody, an' was doin' it fur nearly three years before the United States made up their minds to "come in," to give up 'is beer, w'ich is part of 'is food, jest becos a few young Yankee soljers 'ave got weak 'eads in the matter of licker! Well, thet's all piffle, and from wot I've seen of the American troops they won't thank 'is reverence fur makin' 'em out to be such pore, easily-led softies, wot ain't safe away from their mothers' apron-strings. A drop o' good beer never 'urt the Ole Contemptibles, did it?—wot 'eld up the German rush at the beginnin' o' the wore . . . . . Eh? *You're Dr. Newton 'imself?* Well, wot about it? Think I wouldn't say to yer face wot I ses be'ind yer back? I ain't built thet way, and I likes a drop o' beer meself. Wot it is, you've bin readin' some o' thet Strength o' Britain tosh, wot tries to make out thet grain used fur beer is wasted—as if good beer was waste! There ain't none wasted w'en I'm about, I ken tell yer. Any'ow, I wouldn't go libellin' the Yankee troops any more, if I was you. We like to think they're manly chaps like our own, not a lot o' goody-goodies wot 'ave gotter be guarded from temptation like Sunday-school kids. . . . Well, if you *will* go before yore 'air is dry, you must, thet's orl. . . . Goo' day, sir. . . . Missus, w'en I've shut up the shop I'm goin' out to try an' find a Yankee soljer wot's got drunk on beer. *I wander know w'ere 'e got it.* The stuff round the corner doesn't even *look* like beer now. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MAIL" (Kirkcaldy, Fife):—

"Mr. Adamson . . . remarked that during the seven years he had represented West Fife in Parliament, HE HAD DONE THE CLASS TO WHICH HE BELONGED."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—

"A Lucky Wedding Ring . . . as supplied to H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY POST" (advertisement):—

"Teeth.—MISFITTING SETS made in one day."

"MALVERN GAZETTE":—

"Malvern BUTCHERS will close their shops for the Christmas holidays. . . . This does not apply to the LOCAL HOSPITALS."

"BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—

"Don't keep thinking of AIR RAIDS; just look round and see what you want in plates and dishes for those VISITORS WHO ARE COMING!"

"BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"The Company desire to draw the attention of passengers to the books of 12 penny and 12 HALFPENNY TICKETS, which are issued at 1s. and 1s. 6d. PER BOOK respectively."

"OBSERVER":—

"The Kaiser . . . after extending war on an unparalleled scale to women and children, to non-combatants WITHOUT SEX OR AGE . . . now announces," etc.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" (recipe):—

"Ingredients: . . . 1 teaspoonful of egg-powder (well beaten in a BEAPED TEASPOONFUL OF WATER)."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—

"—— ——, WIFE OF MANY, was at Marylebone committed for trial."

LORD LAMBOURNE (in letter to the *Evening News*):—

"I will not give up TOBACCO, even if I smoke TEA LEAVES."

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"THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS"

which deals fully and frankly with the present position and outlook of affairs from the point of view of the investor, large or small. The quarterly Supplements contain up-to-date details of 100 specially selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from National War Bonds to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—particulars of further investments considered worthy of attention, a number of useful tables and hints of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of capital. The consequences of a levy on capital are envisaged, and the policy which should be followed by the prudent investor is laid down.

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CATARRH DEAFNESS EAR NOISES.

Quick and Easy Home Cure.

Send To-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Book of Advice and learn the secret. It is Free.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The hundreds already cured include sufferers from:—

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A Doctor (M.D., London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained is almost magical.

It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

THIS GIFT BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.
LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

J. S. (Belfast) and MANY OTHERS.—While hoping little from the Irish Convention, we are determined not to incur the responsibility of obstructing its efforts. A little patience, and you shall hear our plan.

"VOLCANO."—With much of what you say, we are in agreement; but Sir A. Yapp is not the Food Controller—for which, of course, you are fully entitled to return thanks on bended knee.

A. P. (Finchley).—We believe that tee-totalers are almost unanimously in favour of a high price for whisky, while to a man they are fervent believers in cheap tea. In such case, of course, it is a matter of principle—and interest.

E. F. G. (Cenarth).—We note that you anticipate a revolution in Wales, although personally we wouldn't put a sixpence on your prophecy. Try a pinch of snuff.

E. H. (Peterborough).—Your idea for saving matches quite good for a boy of 11, but it has been declared "impossible for technical reasons"—which puts the tin hat on it, so to speak.

"FIGHT ON" (Edgware Road, W.).—"Acknowledge and reverence God and the war is won." Always provided, of course, we have a sufficiency of men and guns.

E. W. (Abertillery).—The "conscientious" cur you mention is liable to heavy penalties for his slanderous statements against the troops and the W.A.A.C., although personally, we should have been inclined to try the effect of an impromptu upper-cut. Show him a report of the recent case at West Hartlepool, in which a woman was fined £5 for a similar offence.

"ARDENT" (London, N.).—"I think the Kaiser a very religious man." We're not subscribing for a stained-glass window.

"MOTHER" (London).—"Oh, dear, Mr. B., Do you know I'm short of tea?" Oh, dear, little Mother, No worse off than any other.

"PACIFIST" (Croydon).—"There are good Germans." Very likely; but they take such a lot of finding.

O. M. (Bradford).—If we tried to correct all the tosh written about the wickedness of London, our time would be full up. In passing, we wouldn't give Bradford the "O. M."

MRS. E. F. (Highbury).—The whisky ramp is as shameful as any other—only more so. To charge from 2s. 6d. to £1 for a bottle is pocket-picking deserving oakum-picking.

R. H. T. (Shepherd's Bush).—"While I'm writing this letter, a few chaps are asking: Why not have a Business Government?" A few? You mean a few millions.

"WATCHFUL" (Sheerness).—You cannot have been very watchful, or you would have known that a score of times we have stated that we are neither solicitor nor barrister [illegible] that, preferring to conduct our own cases in the Courts—and usually with success—we have earned the title of "lay lawyer."

"CITIZEN CROMWELL" (London, S.W.).—"The Lords are asking for trouble." Likewise a few ladies, if all we hear is true.

"BUTCHER" (Barton-on-H.).—If we said all we feel about the farmers in this war, we should be taken up for bad language.

"SERGEANT."—A Tribunal Chairman stultifies his position when he employs a single, young Man. The man should "go"—so should the Chairman.

MRS. A. R. (Hendon).—Sorry we were unable to "insert" your letter. We tried it all ends up, but it wouldn't fit.

"CONSTANT READER" (Leeds).—Impossible, surely, to "clothe and boot" a family of six on the sum you mention. A bootless effort, in fact.

MRS. J. (Bradford).—Your pluck in stating your age is a lesson to some other ladies, and we give you our solemn word that we won't make a song about it.

"TYNESIDER" (S. Shields).—"Outspoken message by the Mayor of Tynemouth: Drink and Disaster." Oh, hang the Mayor of Tynemouth!

A. S. (Peterborough).—Thanks for cartoon; but why have you fixed the Kaiser's nose where his right ear ought to be?

"AULD REEKIE" (Edin.).—No peace for the wicked; and not always for the good.

"MEMORY" (Boston, U.S.A.).—Quite right that William Lloyd Garrison said, "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind"—but you don't call Germans mankind, do you?

MRS. A. S. (Tunbridge Wells).—If we could assist you in getting clerical war work we would, but we know from many other readers that officialdom thinks a woman too old at 50, though some flappers are too old at 15.

"SMYTHE-SMITH" (Bradford).—"Old Kaiser Bill he took a pill——." We don't care if he took a dozen, and swallowed the box.

J. F. G. (Sheffield).—You sent 10s. for repaired Army boots, as advertised, and received odd ones, an 8 and a 9-size. The advertisement is careful not to promise a "pair," but you were had, all the same.

"VEXATER."—You tell us you can get no butter and inform us this is the fourth year of war, and fill nine pages of exercise paper with the news.—O lud! do play light.

A. J. W. (Tooting).—"I had another vision. An inspector had a pair of trousers, but with no waist or top part to it." That's the new economy; saves buttons.

N. H. (Walworth) and OTHERS tell us that English papers *are* allowed in Italy, as they send JOHN BULL to soldier boys, and we arrive regularly.

D. E. (Swindon).—A Conchy as foreman over women munitioners?

"SPRINGBURN" (Glasgow).—And another Conchy foreman over old soldiers on the patrol on the Clyde? We can't find words suitable—but perhaps the women and ex-soldiers can.

I. B. (E. Ham).—Hardly the moment for A.B.C. girls to clamour for a rise. The Company had a bad time last year; though when they had a good time they didn't consider the staff much.

"NEIGHBOURS" (Sheffield).—Can't say what view the magistrate will take of the quarrel, but as you got a handful of her hair and she "nearly" bit your ear off, he will probably declare it a dead heat.

"HAPPY FAMILY."—You've lost. Buy your old "pot and pan" his pipe, and look pleasant.

D. S. T. (Huddersfield).—Don't be so incoherent, or we shall suspect you're like the Irishman who fell out of the balloon—had a drop too much.

Mrs. B. M. M.(Redhill).—Lamp glasses made in Germhuny are obviously pre-war stock. Some British people would sell things made in Hades.

W. T. (Hull).—You're the sort of chap who would laugh to see an old woman tumble in the road while carrying a basket of eggs.

"A Few of the Boys" (Attleborough) allege that the food in Wayland Military Hospital is "a long way off what it should be."

J. M. (Norton, R.S.O.).—All we can do is to advise you and other readers to have nothing to do with Holmes's (12, Phillipsburgh Avenue, Fairview, Dublin) snowball butter scheme.

"Driver" (Mountain Battery).—"Having joined up 8 months, leaving wife and family, I have since been called up five times, and police have been twice to arrest me." Yes, those young swanks at the War Office must do *something*—or else *they* would have to go!

M. E. P. (Brighton).—"This is a matter of very great importance to me. What time is it in Otranto (Italy) when it is one o'clock in Brighton?" Half-past kissing time; time to begin again.

"Bullite" (Glasgow).—"Why is the Thames like a syphon of soda? Because it is an air-raided water." Just take that syphon and squirt yourself.

A. E. B. (Brixton).—Skunks think it safe to write treason if they mark their letters "Private." Yours is so marked.

Sgt. J. H. F. (Westcliff).—So the boys at Westcliff Hospital desire to express their gratitude for the way they have been entertained—"more than their share"! But not more than they deserve.

F. T. O. (Cardiff).—Shocked to hear of the lady who is "rather untidy in her morals." She had better mind her step.

W. B. (Ardwick).—Your letter seems to begin in the middle. Try a straight one.

"British Subject" (Kidderminster).—Thanks for sample of tea enclosed. Such little gifts are a perfect Godsend.

"The Boys of the Village" (Redbourn).—Afraid we cannot devote much space to the farmer who employs Hun prisoners and "heats them with coffee." We shouldn't care an Assouan if he heated them with hot irons.

Mrs. B. (East Croydon).—"If you put nasty things in about post-women, I shall not take John Bull." Thanks; we have solemnly warned our staff.

J. H. W. J. (Cardigan).—You shouldn't use such broad note-paper. It puts us out of temper when we have to walk all round the table to keep up with your thoughts.

"Sugar Boiler" (Cork).—Agreed; but surely, if you can afford to advocate the closing down of your trade, you can afford to change your job.

"Grocer" (Balham).—Well, mind your p's and *queues*, that's all.

"Gunner" (France).—"Who did Egypt belong to before England declared war on Turkey?" Cleopatra.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or at first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

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—Civil Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Boiler-Making	—Industrial Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry & Joinery
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless Telegraphy

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

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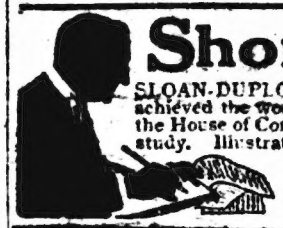

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PAIN AND INFLAMMATION DRAWN OUT.

How GRASSHOPPER cures Chilblains and Chapped Hands with an effectiveness unequalled by any other preparation.

DO NOT POULTICE YOUR CHILBLAINS. **Grasshopper Ointment** will draw out the pain and inflammation far more quickly and effectively than the hottest poultice. When the cold weather comes, we receive a great many orders for **Grasshopper** from sufferers from chilblains, but no complaints of non-cure. This is because there are no non-cures. When **Grasshopper** is used in treating chilblains a cure is certain.

Grasshopper Ointment draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box, and see if it does not do so in your case. We have letters in our possession from persons who suffered for years from chilblains, but **Grasshopper** cured them, and it will cure you if you give it an opportunity.

Grasshopper Ointment is an equally valuable cure for many other cold-weather troubles. It is particularly effective in the treatment of chapped hands, rheumatism, neuralgia, bronchitis, and swollen throat. Well rubbed into the affected parts, it draws out the pain and inflammation with a promptitude and completeness which is unsurpassed by any other curative agent.

Grasshopper is as harmless as it is beneficial. It contains absolutely no injurious substances.

Why not send a supply of **Grasshopper** to the lads in France or Flanders? The many applications which reach us from men on active service for boxes of the Ointment show that they have urgent need of it out there. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations.

Grasshopper Ointment may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army & Navy Stores, Lewis & Burrows', Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's and other Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS".—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ONLY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will make you:—Examples—Most Ridiculous When—Bullet:— Proposed To Wrong Girl. Example:—Knowing Too Much. Bullet:—Not Our Politicians. Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 9th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated January 19th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION, No. 270.

RUSSIA'S PERIL	SPIDER AND FLY	GOVERNMENT OFFICES	THE LAST ROUND
HINDENBURG HOPES	NEVER ENDING	OUR HAIR SUPPLY	RUNNING OUT
CATCHING IT HOT	TOMMY'S WELCOME	LOOKING HER BEST	LESS GAS
PANTOMIME JOKES	ON SPECIAL DUTY	TELLING LIES	MILD AND BITTER
IN A BAD WAY	ON RATIONS	MOST RIDICULOUS WHEN	CUPID'S DART
WILLING WORKER	WHEN WIFE'S OUT	FATHER'S GAME	WELL AWAY
IDLE CHATTER	KNOWING TOO MUCH	STRIKING OIL	NEVER CHEAP
WHAT PROFITEERS LIKE	FIRST WATCH	PRETTY FAIR	THE KAISER'S THRONE

Closing Date, Thursday, January 24th.

No.____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(270) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 270. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 24th.

No.____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(270) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 24th.

No.____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(270) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 271. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1918. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 271 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 271, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons MUST NOT contain any of the thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 271.

GERMAN PROMISES	BAD ENDING	SHUTTING UP SHOP	RATIONAL DRESS
LAW COSTS	PAYING THROUGH NOSE	SKILLED OCCUPATION	EATING AND DRINKING
EMPTY CUPBOARD	MARRIED IN HASTE	RANK INJUSTICE	WITHOUT BUTTER
AT THE WAR OFFICE	MOST ABSURD	SORRY TALE	IN THE LIMELIGHT
IMPOSSIBLE	SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL	FIGHTING ON	WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be enclosed in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be indexed with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry.

RESULT OF 267th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. JAMES [illegible],
Rose Cottage, Leck, near Carnforth, Lancs.
Example:—In The Queue.
Bullet:—"Everybody After A Bit."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. [illegible],
[illegible], Farnham, Surrey.
Example:—Our Politicians.
Bullet:—"Fine Work" No Recommendation.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. [illegible],
[illegible], Watford.
Example:—New Year's Greetings.
Bullet:—Let's Defeat Germany "Economically."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 EACH:

Mr. Y. Jones, 15, Church Road, Rochdale:
Most Girls Look Less Than 18 "Things."

Mr. J. Williams, 16, Platt's Cottages, Ambleside, Stourbridge:
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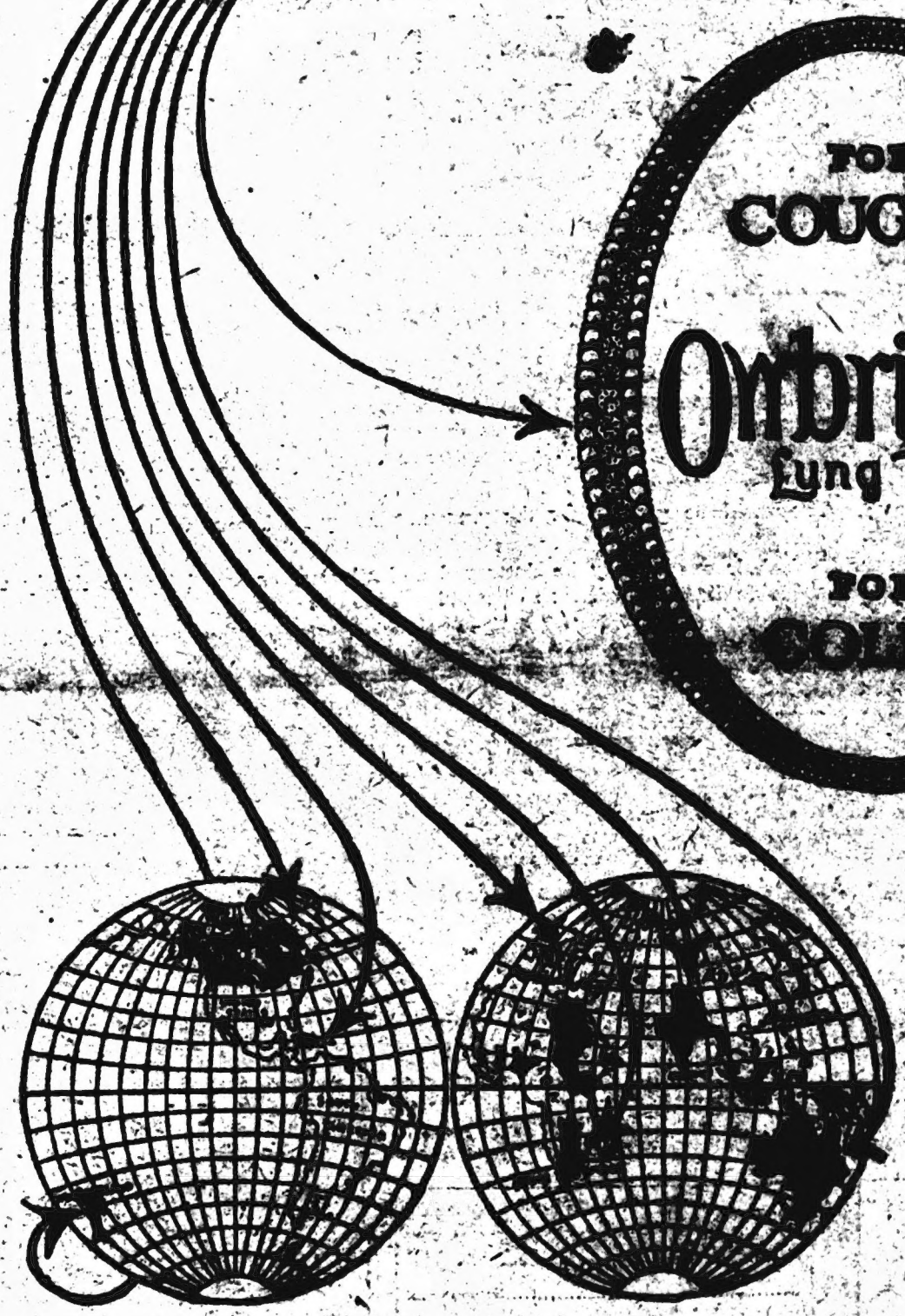

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